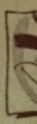

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!", "Dobie Gillis," etc.)

FOOTBALL FOR SHUT-INS

At next Saturday's football game while you are sitting in your choice student's seat behind the end zone, won't you pause and give a thought to football's greatest and, alas, most neglected name? I refer, of course, to Champert Sigafoos.

Champert Sigafoos (1714-1928) started life humbly on a farm near Thud, Kansas. His mother and father, both named Walter, were bean-gleaners, and Champert became a bean-gleaner too. But he tired of the work and went to Montana where he got a job with a logging firm. Here the erstwhile bean-gleaner worked as a stump-thumper. After a month he went to North Dakota where he tended the furnace in a granary (wheat-heater). Then he drifted to Texas where he tidied up oil fields (pipe-wiper). Then to Arizona where he strung dried fruit (fig-rigger). Then to Kentucky where he fed horses at a breeding farm (oat-toter). Then to Long Island where he dressed poultry (duck-plucker). Then to Alaska where he drove a delivery van for a bakery (bread-sleider). Then to Minnesota where he cut up frozen lakes (ice-slicer). Then to Nevada where he determined the odds in a gambling house (dice-pricer). Then to Milwaukee where he pasted camera lenses together (Zeiss-splicer).

Finally he went to Omaha where he got a job in a tannery, beating pig hides until they were soft and supple (hog-flogger). Here occurred the event that changed not only Champert's life, but all of ours.

Next door to Champert's hog-floggery was a mooring mast for dirigibles. In flew a dirigible one day, piloted by a girl named Graffa von Zeppelin. Champert watched Graffa descend from the dirigible, and his heart turned over, and he knew love. Though Graffa's beauty was not *quite perfect—one of her legs was shorter than the other* (blimp-gimper)—she was nonetheless ravishing, what with her tawny hair and her eyes of Lake Louise blue and her marvelously articulated haunches. Champert, smitten, ran quickly back to the hog-floggery to plan the wooing.

To begin with, naturally, he would give Graffa a present. This presented problems, for hog-flogging, as we all know, is a signally underpaid profession. Still, thought Champert, if he had no money, there were two things he did have: ingenuity and pigskin.

So he selected several high grade pelts and stitched them together and blew air into them and made for Graffa a perfectly darling little replica of a dirigible. "She will love this," said he confidently to himself and proceeded to make ready to call on Graffa.

First, of course, he shaved with Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades. And wouldn't you? If you were looking to impress a girl, if you wanted jowls as smooth as ivory, dewlaps like damask, a chin strokable, cheeks fondlesome, upper lip kissable, would you not use the blade that whisks away whiskers quickly and slickly, tuglessly and nicklessly, scratchlessly and matchlessly? Would you not, in short, choose Personna, available both in Injector style and double-edge style? Of course you would.

So Champert, his face a study in epidermal elegance, rushed next door with his little pigskin dirigible. But Graffa, alas, had run off, alas, with a bush pilot who specialized in dropping limes to scurvy-ridden Eskimo villages (fruit-chuter).

Champert, enraged, started kicking his little pigskin blimp all over the place. And who should walk by just then but Jim Thorpe, Knute Rockne, Walter Camp, and Pete Rozelle!

They walked silently, heads down, four discouraged men. For weeks they had been trying to invent football, but they couldn't seem to find the right kind of ball. They tried everything—hockey pucks, badminton birds, bowling balls, quoits—but nothing worked. Now seeing Champert kicking his pigskin spheroid, their faces lit up and as one man they hollered "Eureka!" The rest is history.

* * *

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Speaking of kicks, if you've got any about your present shave cream, try Burma-Shave, regular or menthol.

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